



CHANDAMAMA

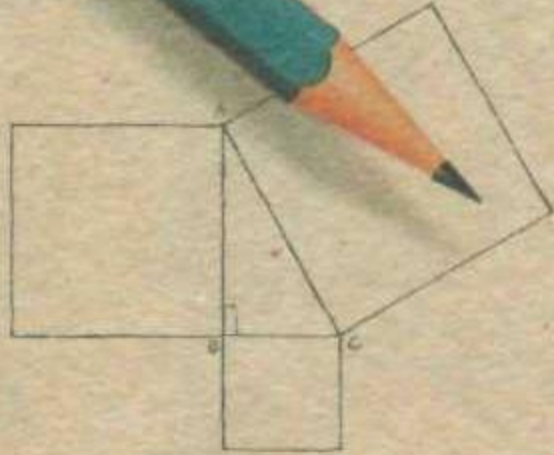
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Turn to page 19
for 'THE BANDIT
PRINCE'



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PARRY'S Special

Hi kids!

Parry's is back with more fun and good times for you. This 4-page special is full of lovely little things you can make for yourself, for your mummy, daddy, sister or brother! Isn't that really nice? So cut-n-keep this Parry's Special and make all these exciting things whenever you have the time!

Fantastic facts to surprise your friends with

A bee can carry
300 times its
own weight!



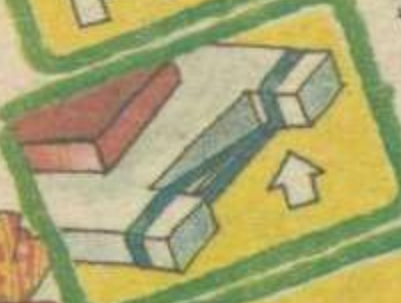
Everyone knows that the English alphabet has 26 letters. The longest, Sinhalese has 54 and the shortest, Hawaiian, has only 12!

abc



Look!

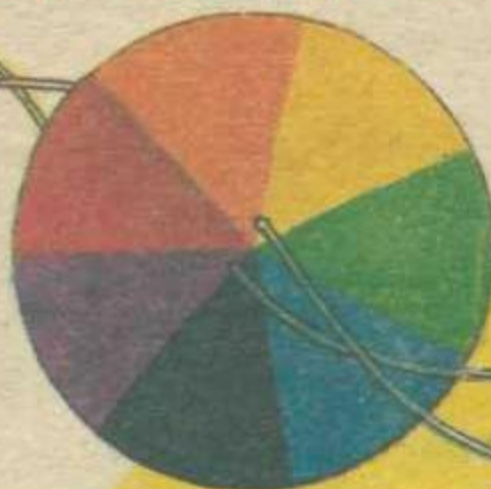
You can make a paddle steamer yourself! Here's how. You need a thermocol sheet, a thick card 6cm by 3.5cm, two elastic bands, a pencil, small cardboard box, coloured paper, fevicol, thread shown here, with a hot knife. Glue the card on top. Press the pencil point into the front and add on a paper flag. Place the elastic bands around the rear ends and tie them up with a thread. Now, insert the cardboard piece under the thread, wind it up and let go! Your steamer is speeding through the water!



Did you know that the South American Tinaman, known as the easter egg bird, lays multi coloured eggs in blue, green, pink, yellow and purple?



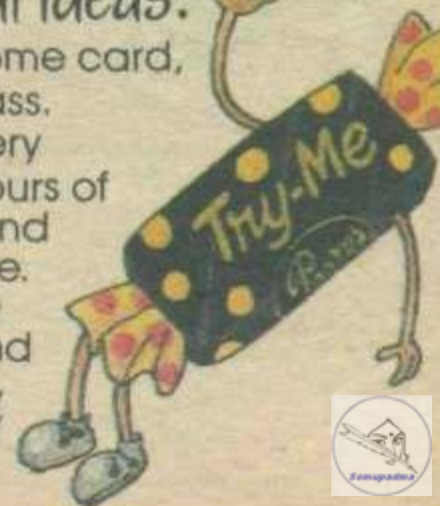
Had an egg for breakfast? Don't throw away the shell. Collect the egg shells and you can make a set of funny faces for your ten fingers as shown in the picture here. Remember to ask mummy to break the egg only by making a small hole at the small end of the egg.



Want some colourful ideas?

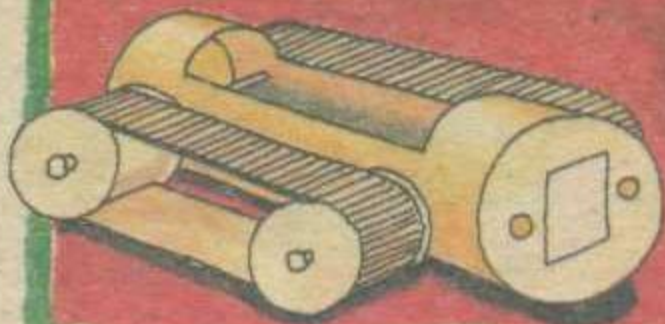
Try this simple one. Get some card, scissors, string, paint, mug or glass.

Then use the mug or glass to draw a circle. Cut the circle out very neatly. Divide the circle into 7 triangles and paint them the colours of the rainbow — that is red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. Make two holes as shown here, on either side of the centre. Thread a piece of string through them and tie the ends. Flip the wheel by putting your fingers through each loop. When you wind it up fully and then relax it, the colours on the wheel will turn to white! Yes, you didn't know that the colour white could be split into the seven rainbow colours, did you?



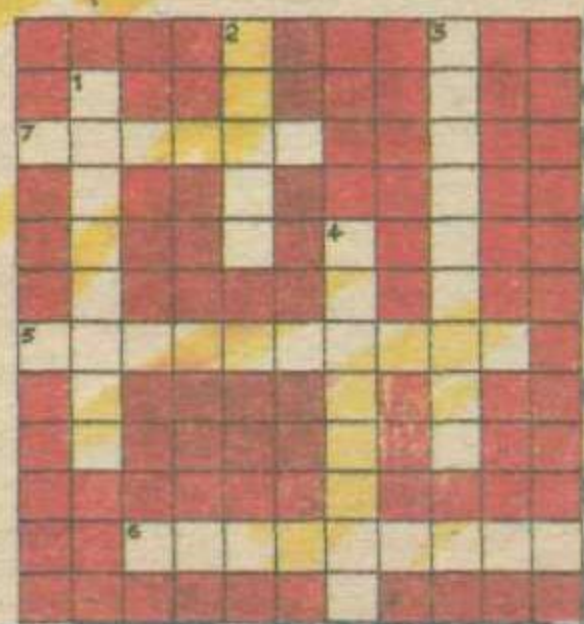


Make a caterpillar truck just for fun. Ask mummy for four cotton reels, a plastic bottle, corrugated cardboard, emulsion paint, two pencils, some plasticine and scotch tape. Now cut the bottle as shown here. Ask mummy to help you if you can't. Paint it any colour you like and let it dry. When it's fully dry make two holes on the lower half and two holes on the top half as marked in the picture. Stick the two pencils through the holes. Add the four cotton reels to the ends of the pencils and fix them with lumps of plasticine. Cut two strips of corrugated cardboard run them around the wheels and stick them together with scotch tape. Add



- your own windows like you see
- in the picture. Gift it to your kid brother; won't he like it?

Stop for a crossword now



All the answers are the names of Parry's sweets. Isn't that easy?

Clues:

1. Full of caramel and milk — that's me.
2. I invite you to taste me — who am I?
3. I'm a coffee toffee — know me?
4. I'm a lick stick — what's my name?
5. I'm mint + toffee — who am I?
6. I'm the king of milk sweets — guess who I am?
7. I'm the king of sweets — who am I?

Answers on the last page

More fantastic facts

- The largest water plant, the giant lily from the Amazon, can support a child on its 10 foot leaves!

- Did you know that baby hippos are born underwater?

- Or that dolphins always sleep with one eye open?





Know about paper mache?

It's not so hard as it sounds. Yes, try your hand at it. Make a bowl to give mummy or your sister. You'll need some old newspaper, flour, water to make a paste and some paints.

Take a bowl of the shape you like. Make a paste with the flour and water. Tear the newspaper into thin small strips, dip into the paste and fully layer the inside of the bowl. Let it dry. Then layer some more till you have a thick shell inside. Leave it to dry completely. Then slip it off the bowl... It comes off easily. Paint it with poster paint in any design you like. Present it to mummy or your sister to keep little knick-knacks in! You can even turn it upside down, make a hole on top and turn it into a lampshade for your home!

Parry's wants you to have a great time, kids. So make these delightful things yourself and watch out for more ideas soon!

Answers:

1. Caramilk
2. Try Me
3. Coffy Bite
4. Lollipop
5. Mint Eclair
6. Lacto King
7. Parrys

Now the Parry's Superfun offer!

Yes, an even more exciting Parry's booklet coming up specially for kids like you! Just collect 25 wrappers of Parry's sweets (Caramilk or Coffy Bite only) and send it to Parrys, The King of Sweets, P.O. Box 2040, Madras 600 001. We'll send you a brand new, fun-filled booklet full of do-it-yourself ideas. Hurry, get started right away! This offer is open till September 15, 1990.



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CHANDAMAMA

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and More!

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ATTACK! ATTACK: That is what Kapalchand shouts. His army has at last surrounded the hideout of the rebels. But Kapalchand would never give such commands again. Why? Read in *The Bandit Prince!*

SRI RAMAKRISHNA: The sublime story of a great spiritual Master continues through pictures.

THE PRINCE AND THE DAMSEL. A folktale from Portugal.

General Knowledge Supplement, Window on the World, The Way of the World, Towards Better English, Let Us Know and other features along with a bunch of interesting stories.

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Controlling Editor:
NAGI REDDI



Founder:
CHAKRAPANI

THE DRUG MENACE

At the call of the UNESCO, the 26th of June was observed as the International Day against Drugs.

Alas, the menace of Drugs has not only done great damage to the youth of our day, it is also threatening the very future of man. One who takes Drugs destroys himself, but what is worse, he leaves behind him a trail of despair. The drug-addict makes himself good-for-nothing, becomes a criminal and presents himself as the very image of depression on one hand and anarchy on the other hand. Because of his dependence on Drugs, he patronises Drug-pushers who are among the worst criminals in the world. With the huge profit these thugs make by destroying the spirit of the young, they take to bigger crimes and influence even the politics of different countries.

Every one of us must fight this menace. If you know a friend of yours who has fallen into this trap, help him to come out of it. How you should do it depends on the situation and on how intelligent you are. Consult your teachers or guardians in whom you have faith.

INSIDE PAKISTAN

The word Pakistan was coined in 1933, by Chowdhri Rahmat Ali. While the word means "The land of the pure", each of its letters stands for an area. 'P' stands for Punjab, 'A' for Afghans (the Frontier state) 'K' for Kashmir and 'S' for Sind.

The demand of the Muslim League, under the leadership of M.A. Jinnah, to divide the great Indian subcontinent into two countries on the basis of religion was not liked by any sensible man anywhere in the world. In an era when mankind should be inspired by ideas of democracy, freedom, equality, etc., to divide an ancient country in the name of religion was a backward step. In India not only people of different religious faiths, but also different cultures and languages lived together. No doubt, there were occasional quarrels and skirmishes among the different communities. But would the division of the country solve them? Such problems were always there in every country and they were solved by understanding, laws and above all, time. In the history

of India there had never been any problem among its communities which was unsurmountable.

As you have read in an earlier issue, so many patriots, both Hindus and Muslims, tried to persuade the Muslim League to give up its demand for Pakistan. But the Muslim League did not listen to them. The British, who depended very much on a policy of 'Divide and Rule', indirectly encouraged the League to persist in its demand.

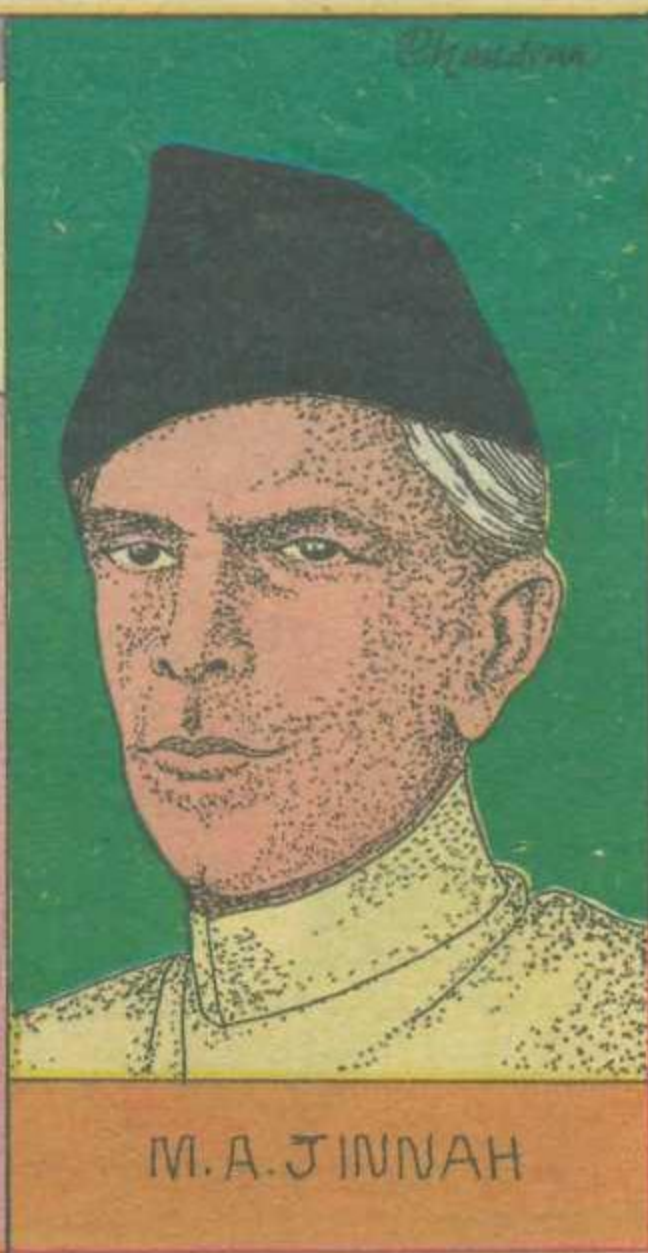
However, the League did not get all the lands it demanded. Kashmir remained with India. What was worse, for Pakistan, a big part of it, known as East Pakistan, revolted and became an independent country, Bangladesh.

The Muslims living in India far outnumber the Muslims in Pakistan. And the Muslims of India proudly look upon India as their motherland, as the Hindus, Christians, Buddhists and the others do. But Pakistan cannot forget its humiliation of losing Bangladesh. It wants Kashmir, again on the worn-out argument

that the majority of the Kashmiris are Muslims. It is never tired of luring some Kashmiri youths into its territory and training them in the use of arms and sending them back to Kashmir to create chaos. That it has not succeeded in influencing the Muslims anywhere else in India, shows how foolish its policy is.

In fact, conditions are awful inside Pakistan. Those Muslims from India who migrated to

Pakistan, are always in conflict with the native Muslims. There are frequent bloodsheds. The people of the frontiers, the Pathans, have never been happy with the Pakistani rulers. They threaten to separate. Pakistan's own house is in complete disorder. To divert the attention of its people from the internal problems the rulers promise them Kashmir! Unfortunately, it is still easy to mislead the masses in the name of religion!



A TEST FOR DARWIN

One day three or four small boys dashed into the study of the great naturalist, Charles Darwin. They looked excited.

"How can I help you?" asked the scientist.

"We think we have just discovered a new bug that might be of some interest to you," they said as they laid on his table a strange little thing. In fact, the naughty boys had made the bug by gluing together a centipede's body and the wings of a butterfly, the head of a beetle and the legs of a grasshopper.

Darwin understood the trick at the first glance. But he observed it feigning great interest.

"What kind of a bug is this, Mr. Darwin?" the boys asked.

"I am trying to make out... seems to be a very special bug... well, did it hum?" asked the scientist.

The boys looked at one another meaningfully, sure that they had deceived the scientist successfully.

"Oh yes, it did hum continuously!" they exclaimed.

"I thought so," said Darwin with a smile. "This is called humbug!"





THE LUCKY TRIP

“A fool in one country may pass on as a wise man in another country,” said Pedro’s primary teacher. Pedro had remembered this much, though he learnt nothing more from his teacher.

So, when he was teased and ridiculed by his friends as a Wise Monkey, he thought of migrating to some other country. Who knows if the monkey would not be considered a sage in a different land!

Pedro made himself a laughing stock when, in a bull-fight in his small town in Spain, instead of facing the bull he climbed a tree to save himself! Surely, he could rival any monkey at climbing trees! But he did not relish people forgetting his real name and calling him Wise Monkey!

He had heard about China. It was a great country but very few foreigners visited it. One day he

saw a caravan of a merchant heading towards Mongolia. He followed the caravan. The merchant took a liking for him because of his child-like simplicity. “What is your name?” he asked Pedro. “You see, the people of my village called me Wise Monkey, but I don’t like it. I should be called...”

But the merchant interrupted him and said, “Why? Is a wise monkey not better than a stupid man?”

Pedro liked the statement and confessed that he would not have left his country had this idea occurred to him earlier. But since he had begun travelling, better he reached his destination. The merchant taught him how to speak Chinese.

So he walked on even after the merchant stopped in Mongolia. Soon he reached a small Chinese kingdom which was ruled not by



a king but by a queen.

The capital of the small kingdom was in a state of sorrow the day Pedro stepped into it. It happened like this: The queen was extremely fond of her dark hair. As her maid was combing her hair in the morning, she found that one of them had grown grey. "Your Highness!" exclaimed the maid, "Some angel has turned a hair of yours into silver!"

But the queen was not to be deceived by such euphemisms! She was shocked. She did not wish her hair to be anything but black!

She summoned her old minister and complained about one of her hair growing grey. The minis-

ter expressed his sorrow at the situation, but said, "Your Highness! Everybody's hair grows grey!"

"That hardly makes any sense. Am I like everybody else?" demanded the queen angrily.

"No, your Highness, you are the monarch. Whatever happens to everybody should not happen to you!" agreed the minister.

"So? What now? My hair seems to be going the way of everybody else's hair! This must stop! How to stop it?" asked the queen and she added, "If you cannot give a solution, you should quit your position!"

Now, the minister had served for long and had enjoyed all the luxuries due to a minister. He would not mind leaving his post. But a strange custom prevailed in that land. Once a minister retired, he was publicly hanged. The hanging of course took place after he had been accorded a grand reception and a lot of speech-making in praise of his career. He was hanged because once a minister he should not live like an ordinary man. So, either he should die in office, or, if obliged to quit his office, should die ceremoniously.

The minister was in no mood



to be hanged. He immediately proposed that a committee of soothsayers, astrologers, and wizards be formed to advise the queen on the problem. The queen agreed to it. The committee was formed and its meeting was convened within hours.

After much discussion among the members, the spokesman of the committee told the queen, "Your Highness, we deem it our duty to be honest with you. One grey hair would lead to another and in time to come the whole of the royal head would go grey. Then it would be the turn of the teeth. One would fall and then another and yet another! Then..."

"Stop!" shouted the queen and she broke down. The committee also wept. Soon the courtiers who were waiting in the hall started weeping. By and by the noblemen, the palace officials, the guards and everybody began to weep.

That is the time when Pedro entered the town. Rarely before had the people of this remote town seen a foreigner, and never a Spaniard. He was immediately led to the minister who sat pensive.

"Who are you?" asked the



minister, surprised to see a strange man.

"Is a wise monkey not better than a stupid man?" asked Pedro in his broken Chinese.

We do not know how much the minister understood, but he said, "O wise man, I am stupid indeed! Confidentially speaking, our queen is no wiser than I. Now, you must have observed how everybody is sad. It is because nobody has any solution for the queen's problem." Then the minister narrated the exact nature of the problem to Pedro. In fact, Pedro had come as a great solace to the minister. The queen had never seen a foreigner. The minister was sure that wha-

tever Pedro would say would be greatly valued by her.

"Let me study the problem," said Pedro. He was ushered into the queen's presence. He prostrated himself before her and said, "Your Highness, one grey hair would lead to another and yet another. And then one falling tooth would lead to another and yet another. I agree."

"Thanks, but do you have any solution to the problem?" asked the queen.

"I have. Cut off all your hair. The grey one would go too. And there would be no chance for another hair to grow grey. If that does not happen, then the tooth would not fall!..."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the queen. "Here comes a sage, a sage!" And she gave him a thousand gold pieces. That was not all. She asked him, "Although it is difficult for us to follow your Chi-

nese, still we would like you to become our minister. Give a thought to it and tell us tomorrow."

The proposal made neither Pedro happy nor the minister happy. "I am a wise monkey all right, but how wise I am as a man, I don't know!" he thought. And the minister thought, "This foreigner becoming the minister means I shall be hanged!"

So, at night the minister gave Pedro another thousand gold pieces and arranged for the fastest horse-carriage to leave him in Mongolia. Pedro met the merchant who was about to leave for Spain, returned to his native town and declared, "Ladies and gentlemen, I don't mind you addressing me as Wise Monkey!"

"But who would dare to call him so? For he had returned as the richest man in the town! Everybody called him Pedro Sir!"





WATER IN A CANE BASKET

In a certain village lived a wealthy landlord. He was rather whimsical. People found it difficult to work with him. But he was not unkind or harsh. Rather he helped the needy.

One day two poor men met him and said, "Sir, we are from a distant village. We are looking for some work to earn a daily wage."

"Very good. Pick up those cane baskets," said the landlord.

The two men, Bhola and Jadav, picked up the cane baskets and waited for the next instruction.

"Now, there is a well at the backyard of the house. Keep on drawing water from it with the help of the baskets. Throw the water around the well. Do this till the sunset, except for your lunch-break and rest. I will pay you in the evening," said the landlord.

Bhola and Jadav went near the well. Bhola suddenly laughed and said, "It is futile to draw water in cane baskets. Why till evening, even if we work till the next day morning, the water level in the well shall remain undiminished!"

But Jadav kept on drawing water with the basket. True, each time most of the water in the basket filtered down into the well before the basket reached the top of the well, but that did not stop Jadav from carrying on with his work.

At mid-day they were called by the landlord's cook and given lunch. After resting for a while, Jadav went back to work, but Bhola kept sitting.

By and by, along with the water handfuls of mud and sand emerged from the well. Then, a little before sunset, Jadav saw



something glittering in the basket. He picked it up and washed it. It was a gold ring with a diamond set on it.

Jadav carried it to the landlord. Bhola followed him. The landlord received it with joy and said, "This is what I was expecting."

Then, turning to Bhola, he asked, "I understand that you did not work. Why?"

"Sir, I thought that it would be

impossible to exhaust the water of the well by drawing it with the help of baskets!" explained Bhola apologetically.

"But did I ask you to exhaust the water? You should have done what I asked you to do. I know why I ask my workers to do something in a certain way!" said the landlord.

He retained Jadav permanently. But he paid Bhola a day's charge out of kindness.

THE LAST WORD

Mr. John was to attend a crucial meeting of his business partners. The partners were likely to get such resolutions passed which might go against Mr. John's interest. Mrs. John told him, "You must be courageous; you are superior to all the others. You must have the last word!"

Mr. John returned from the meeting smiling brightly. "Indeed, I had the last word!" he declared before his wife. "I

said that 'I agree'! Nobody said anything thereafter!"





THE BANDIT PRINCE

11

(While Vir Singh was keen to raise a new army, he had no resources. He harassed the people of Sumedh by taking away their bumper produce of rice in order to obtain arms from Chandrahat in exchange for it. People resented it. A group of young men, under Vasant's leadership, tried its best to protect the people.)

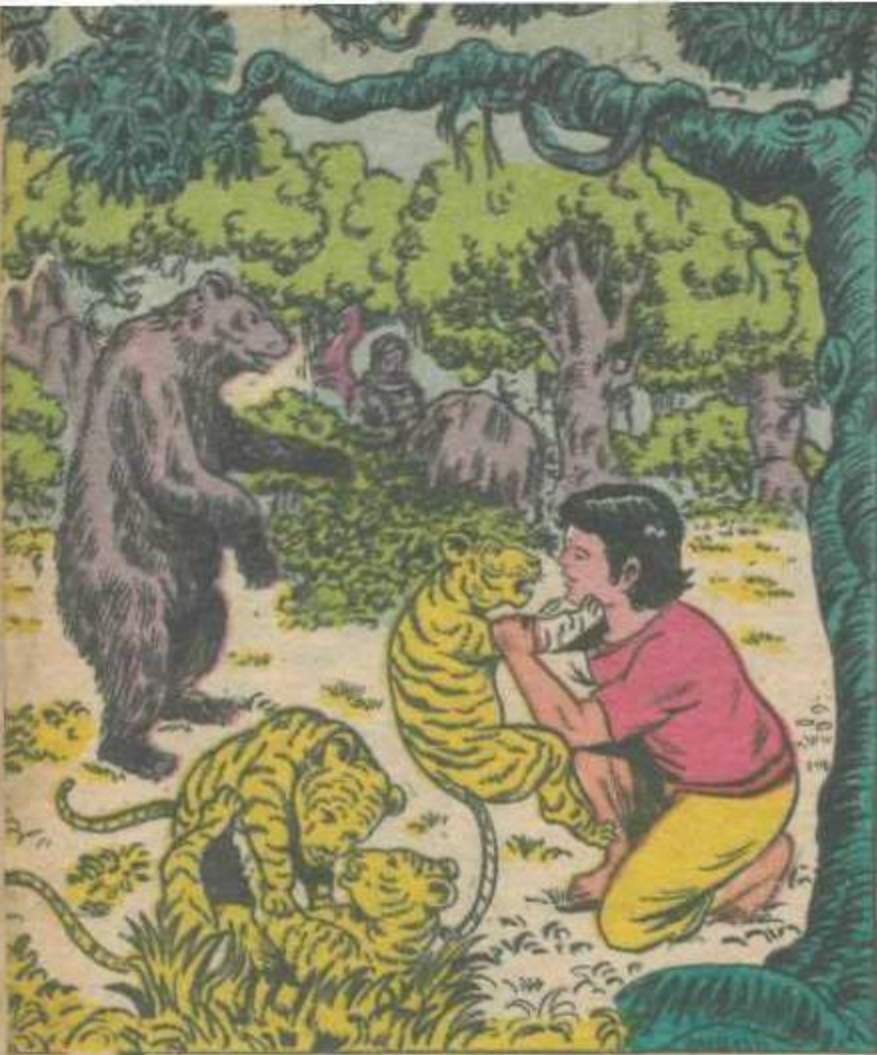
“O Master, it is for the third time that I observed a masked man loitering around our hermitage, drinking from the spring and gazing at the caves,” a disciple of Sage Jayananda reported to him.

“Yes, I have also observed him from a distance. I have a feeling that he is a nobleman; he has

some very special reason to be here,” observed the hermit. “Next time he is here, I would like to talk to him,” he added.

And the time came before long. It was evening. The stranger was seen standing under a tree and looking intently at the playful Sandip. The little prince was then wrestling with a young

THE SWEET DISCOVERY



tiger. Bhalooki, the majestic she-bear, stood enjoying their game.

"Welcome," the hermit suddenly addressed the stranger from behind. The stranger looked back, startled. But he greeted the sage with folded hands.

"No doubt, you are looking for something. Why should you visit this part of the forest again and again otherwise? Can I help you?" asked the hermit.

"You surprise me, sir. I was under the impression that nobody could have taken notice of me!" said the stranger half of whose face was still veiled.

"You need not fear detection

by Vir Singh's men, if that is what you are afraid of. I will be informed if anybody enters this region," said the hermit. The stranger surveyed the hermit with great curiosity. Then he said, "If I am standing before Sage Jayananda, I bow to him." The hermit smiled. The stranger touched his feet and said, "I have heard much about you from my friend Shankar Verma, the chieftain of Jainagar. But tell me, who can inform you about Vir Singh's spies? You don't have so many men here to keep that kind of wide vigilance!" remarked the stranger. The hermit smiled. "Do you think that one cannot have friends and helpers other than men?" he asked.

The stranger kept gazing at the hermit. "I understand, sir, that one can have a mastery over supernatural beings..."

"Why supernatural beings? Is it not more natural to cultivate friendship with very natural beings—the other inhabitants of the earth?"

The stranger's face brightened up at the hermit's statement. He said, "Now I understand how that little boy can be so chummy with a tiger and a bear! This is a great revelation to me. By the

way, sir, who is that little boy?"

"Stranger, I will consider answering your question only if you unveil your face. No, it is not idle curiosity, not a condition for the sake of a condition," said the hermit with authority in his voice.

The stranger kept quiet for a moment. Then he said, while removing the veil, "I believe you!"

There was a serene smile on the hermit's face. "My lord, the boy is none other than your son! I had seen you only once and that was many years ago. But your son's resemblance to you is unmistakable."

The stranger, who was, needless to say, King Shanti Dev, stood speechless. Soon tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"O King, I knew that if you were alive, you will one day come here to find out what happened to your queen and your son. The queen, my lord, breathed her last peacefully, after handing over the baby prince to me. No doubt, she would have died with happiness had she known that you were safe. But I tried to make her leave everything in the Divine's hands and she was wise enough to take my advice."



"And then?" asked the anxious king, checking his surging sob.

"And then we buried her there..."

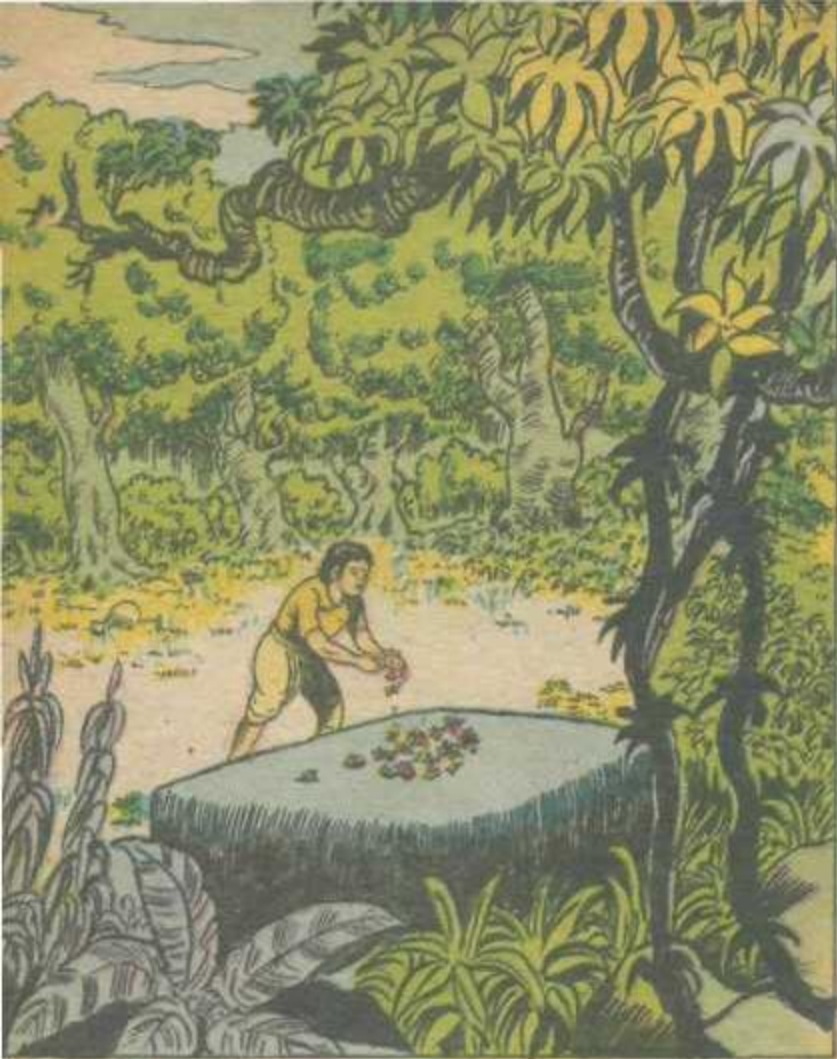
The hermit pointed his finger at a slab of stone. A variety of flowers adorned it.

"Your son, ever since he grew capable of doing so, places flowers on it every day in the morning," informed the hermit.

The king could not check himself any longer. He ran to the tomb and placed his head on the stone and wept like a child. The hermit sat down near him, caressing him. Minutes passed.

"Can I meet my son?" asked





the king most humbly.

"You can, if you so wish. I leave it to you," said the hermit.

The king looked thoughtful. Then he said, "I feel that you have some reservations on this point. I should do nothing without your spontaneous permission."

"My lord, there is a certain harmony in the life of the prince. As he is extremely intelligent, it would not take him long to understand that you are his father. One thing will lead to another. He would know that he is the son of a just and good king who has been deprived of his kingdom by wicked fellows. In

his heart would begin to burn the flame of vengeance. That would upset his present way of life and his education," said the hermit.

"You are right, O noble sage."

"But he has to know the truth—one day. He should also be free to act according to his conscience then. But, I think, we should allow a little more time for that," said the hermit.

"You are again right, O noble one," said the king. "And I have my own reasons for not developing any attachment for the son," said the king.

"What are they, my lord?"

"First of all, the child is safe under your custody. Secondly, I cannot give him the care and education which he is receiving from you. But what is most important, I just cannot afford to be indulgent towards him now. A greater duty awaits me," said the king.

"What is that?" asked the hermit.

"O sage, I do not know whether or not you are familiar with the situation prevailing in Sumedh. Vir Singh tried to kill myself, my queen and our child. He does not know what happened to the queen and the child, and he does not know whether I



am dead or alive. In fact, I continue to haunt him. That does not leave him in peace. Fear makes him tense. Tension leads to anger. He wreaks his vengeance on the innocent people. He had also promised the captains of his army that he would invade some other kingdom so that they would get the chance to plunder that land. He led his army against Amritpur, my father-in-law's kingdom. Providence saved Amritpur when a sudden flood swept away Vir Singh's soldiers and arms. Now he is looting our people to raise a new army. I cannot but do my best to check his tyranny!" said the king.

The sage nodded his appreciation of the king's attitude, but said, "My dear king, I know about the happenings in the kingdom. I have also heard how

some young men are obstructing the actions of Vir Singh. I have also come to know that Vir Singh is out to destroy these rebel young men, by hook or by crook. As you know, Vir Singh can be ruthless. He would kill the youths and their kinsmen mercilessly. It will be much better for them to be organised. Then they can give Vir Singh an ultimatum to change his ways. If he does not, the youths can fight. The fight would be between Vir Singh's army and the brave boys. The common men would not be harassed."

The hermit paused for a moment. The king said, "You are right".

"I suggest that you lead them into the forest in the frontier, far from the locality," said the hermit.

"That would be a wise thing to do," agreed the king.

—To continue



THE ONE WHO BORE THE BURDEN

Ananda and Sunanda were the disciples of a sage. Both lived in his Ashram.

One day, the two young men were sent by their master to deliver a message in the Ashram of another sage. On the river-bank they saw a young lady in tears. She was anxious to cross the river, but was afraid of doing so. "Don't you worry," said Ananda. He lifted her and entered the river and left her on the other bank.

Sunanda grew grave. He stopped talking to Ananda. Back in their Ashram in the evening, Sunanda complained to the sage, saying, "Master, we are not supposed to come in contact with women, as we are Brahmacharis. But this morning Ananda carried a young lady across the river!"

The master called Ananda and heard what had happened. Then he looked into the eyes of both the young men and told Sunanda, "My boy, the lady left Ananda as soon as she crossed the river. But she has not left you even now! Come on, shake her off your neck!"



WORLD OF SPORT

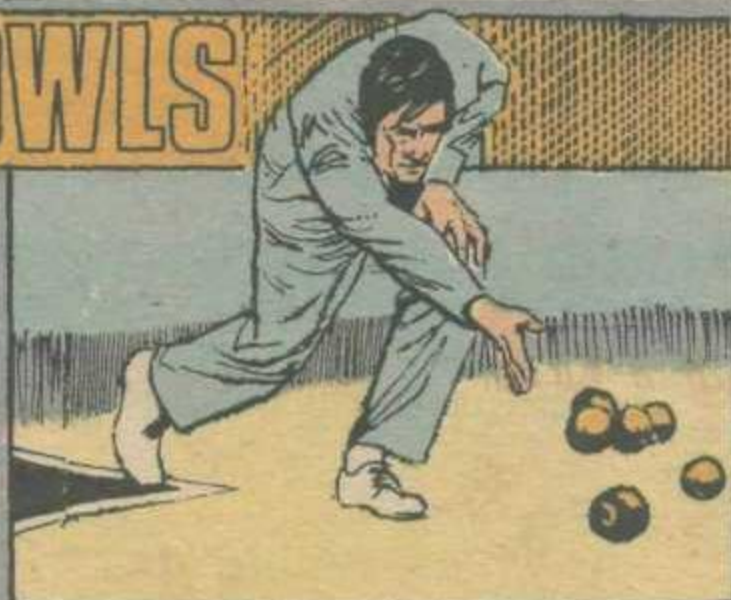


365 runs

THE HIGHEST NUMBER OF RUNS SCORED IN TEST CRICKET IS 365 NOT OUT MADE BY GARY SOBERS PLAYING FOR WEST INDIES AGAINST PAKISTAN IN 1958.

THE BOWLING GREEN AT SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND, WAS FOUNDED IN 1299 AND IS CLAIMED TO BE THE OLDEST. A FORM OF BOWLS WAS PLAYED IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

BOWLS



IN THE CORNER

A BOXER'S SECONDS ARE ALLOWED TO TAKE INTO THE CORNER WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY, STERILE COTTON WOOL, STERILE GAUZE, SURGICAL SPIRIT, SWAB STICKS, SOLUTION OF ADRENALIN, BLUNT EDGED SCISSORS AND AN ICEBAG. ALCOHOL, SMELLING SALTS OR AMMONIATED LINIMENTS ARE FORBIDDEN.

WORLD OF NATURE

A LION CAN RUN FOR SHORT BURSTS OF ABOUT 40 MPH (64.37KM/H) AND JUMP A DISTANCE OF 40FT (12 M).

KING OF THE BEASTS

AN ADULT LION IN THE WILD NEEDS TO EAT AN AVERAGE 238 LBS (108 KG) OF MEAT A WEEK TO SURVIVE.

A Colony

THE PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR IS ACTUALLY A COLONY MADE UP OF HUNDREDS OF INDIVIDUAL ANIMALS. THE LARGEST OF WHICH IS THE FLOAT, ABOUT 8-10 IN. (20-25CM) LONG. WHEN FEEDING, NUTRIENTS ARE PASSED TO ALL INDIVIDUALS IN THE ORGANISM.

SINCE THE 1920S, THE BRONX ZOO IN NEW YORK HAS OFFERED A REWARD OF 15,000 DOLLARS TO ANYONE WHO CAN PRODUCE A SNAKE LONGER THAN 30 FT (9M). NO ONE HAS EVER CLAIMED THE REWARD.

REWARD

TALES FROM MANY LANDS (SCOTLAND)

A MERMAID FOR A BRIDE

Not far from the mainland of Scotland there is a rocky little island called Haskeir. Well, there are so many islands and islets in the sea. What is special about it? Its speciality is, always hundreds of seals are swimming around it. In days gone by, not hundreds but thousands of seals guarded it. No boat could reach the island unless the seals lent their help to it and drew it ashore. If any boat tried to reach the island without the proper authority, the seals simply upturned it!

You are curious to know why the seals were so zealous in guarding the island, aren't you?

It happened like this: long long ago, in a seashore village lived a widow and her three sons. It fell on the eldest son's lot to manage the household. They had a small piece of land on the sea. The boy worked hard on it till sundown. But before starting his work on the field, he would set some small nets in the crevices between the large rocks. When the sea water entered the rocks at tide, a



number of fish too entered the area. When the water receded, the fish got stuck in the nets. The boy would collect the fish in the evening and return home. Nobody else dared to enter that rocky area first because it was awfully slippery and secondly because it inspired fear.

The boy, his mother and his two brothers, had few needs and so their days passed smoothly.

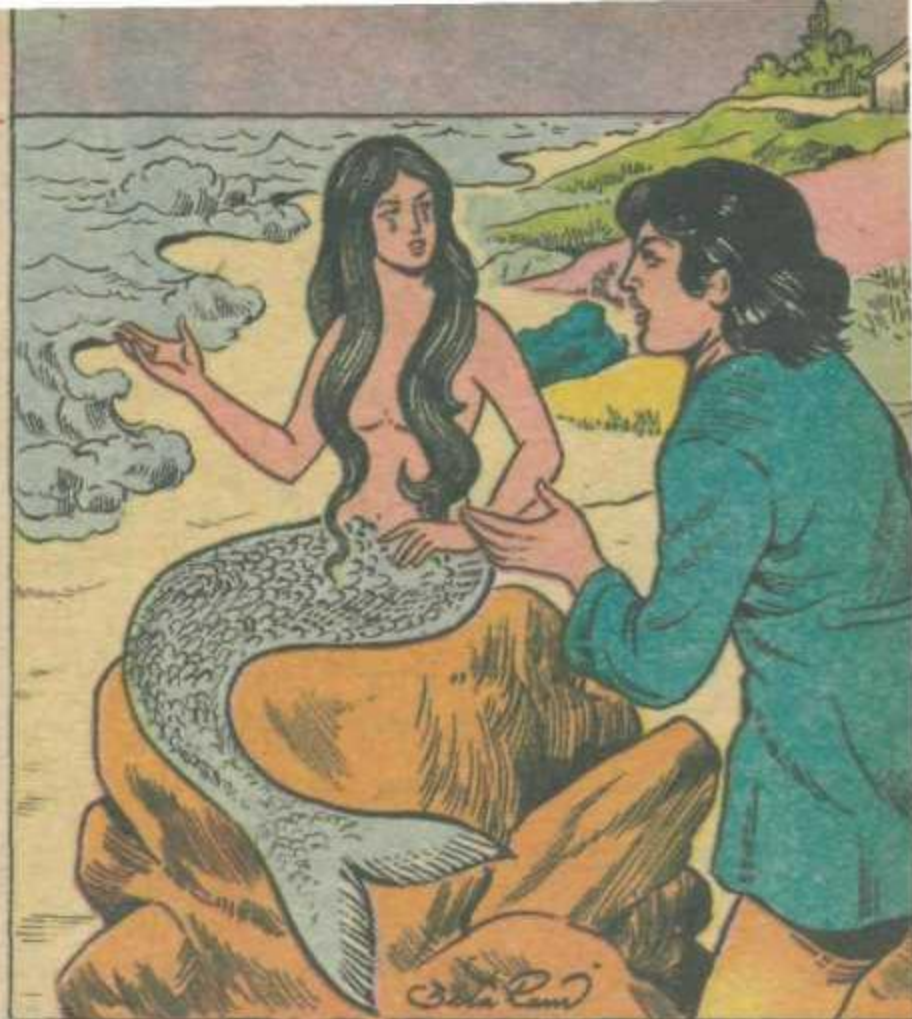
One evening the boy found that not a single fish had been detained in any of his nets. He was disappointed, but he went farther into the rocky land to see if he could get any good shell at least. He found no shell, but what he saw was amazing. There, on a rock, sat a mermaid, a fish down the waist and a woman upwards. She was weeping.

"Is there any dearth of salt in the sea that you must add your salty tears to it?" asked the boy.

The mermaid turned and looked at him, startled and frightened. "I cannot but weep, for I lost my comb! And then I am detained!" she said in a sweet voice, still crying.

"Losing a comb is not an unusual thing. But who detained you?"

"As I was looking for my



comb, the water receded. How can I go?" said the mermaid.

Now, a mermaid was a very very rare thing. Once in a century a human being could see one. In fact, the king knew that there were mermaids in the sea off his coast and he had said that anybody who can catch one alive would receive a dukedom. Here was the golden chance for the boy to become a duke. He could run and inform the king's agent who lived in a town at a distance of an hour's walk and the needful would be done.

But how on earth to be unkind towards such a beautiful creature? "Don't you worry," said

the boy. "I will dig a small channel for a few yards to the sea and then you can swim back. And so far as your comb is concerned, I can make one for you."

"Will you? Thanks a lot. But mine was a magic comb. Every time I combed my hair with it, the hair dazzled like gold."

"I will see if I can put a little magic into it. We have a very old woman in our village who is as wise as she is old," said the boy.

He then set to work. He succeeded in digging a small channel in an hour. The water from the sea came right to the tip of the mermaid's tail. She splashed into

it and, thanking the boy, swam away.

"Wait for me here tomorrow for your comb," said the boy.

He sat working on a shell for the whole night, close to a lamp. By morning he had carved out of it a fine comb. He met the old woman and asked her if she could put a little magic into it. The old woman held out the comb against the rising sun and said, "My son, already there is plenty of magic in it."

"How?" the boy asked with surprise.

"Perhaps because you made it with intense love!" said the old woman.



The boy was happy. In the evening he saw the mermaid waiting amidst the rocks. Great was her joy when the boy gave her the comb. She combed her hair and the hair dazzled like gold!

"Good God! It has magic in it!" she exclaimed.

"It has," agreed the boy, blushing, and reported to her what the old woman had said.

The mermaid too blushed. But it was time for the tide to subside. She splashed into the water, but not before saying, "Let us meet again, tomorrow!"

The next day the boy was surprised to see the mermaid

changed into a fully human girl.

"As I kept on combing my hair with your comb, this change came over me," she said sweetly.

"Is it not surprising?" asked the boy.

"It is—and it creates problems too. My father says that I must marry a human being. Whom can I marry but you?"

"What can be luckier for me than marrying you?" said the boy. He danced with joy, but stopped because the place was very slippery. He decided to dance at home. He took leave of the mermaid, promising to meet her the next day.

But he could not dance at



home. His mother said that never in the history of Scotland anybody had married a mermaid. She has to consult the village elders.

The village elders voted against the proposal. "A mermaid for a daughter-in-law? Only kings and princes can do such a thing, not a farmer boy. No!" they said.

The boy stood before the mermaid with a face looking as gloomy as a clouded moon. When asked by the mermaid, he said, "Only a prince can marry a mermaid, not a farmer's son!"

"I see!" said the mermaid. "My father, the king of the underwater world, would talk to the village elders tomorrow. Ask them to gather on the seashore before sundown."

The village elders gathered on the sands. As the sun went down,

there was seen a great turmoil in the sea. A furlong off the shore some rocks raised their heads. There was swift wind. By and by a full island emerged.

A voice came from the sea, announcing, "I make the boy who seeks my daughter's hand the prince of this new island. Has anyone any more objection to the proposed marriage?"

"Oh no! We are most happy—and proud too!" said the village chief.

"Thanks!" said the voice from the sea.

So, the boy—better we call him a young man—married the mermaid and lived on the island. His mother and brothers also went to live with him. The seals guarded the island, as instructed by the mermaid's father.



CHANDAMAMA SUPPLEMENT-21
TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

WHO IS HE?

King Vijayaranga Chokalinga of Trichinopoly developed great respect for a sage who lived close by a temple. He wanted to give him a precious gift which would be rare but at the same time useful.

A merchant who belonged to a noble family of the city, was setting out for Kashmir. When he came to the court to take leave of the king, the latter asked him to bring a shawl of the most excellent quality from that land famous for its woollen products.

The merchant returned with a shawl which was both warm and artistic. The king was happy. He invited the sage to his court and presented it to him ceremoniously.

The next day an official came running to the king and said, "My lord, look at the audacity of the sage! He has given the shawl away to a wretched beggar woman of the untouchable class!"

The king got furious. His men went and dragged the sage to the court.

"What happened to the shawl?" demanded the king.

"I offered it to the Divine Mother," said the sage coolly.

The king sat speechless. But he was wise enough to understand that the sage saw the Divine in all.

Who was the sage?

DO YOU KNOW?

1. When did the earth come to be formed?
2. When is life supposed to have appeared?
3. What do we mean by 'Universe'?
4. Which spacecraft reached the Mars and when?
5. How long did it take to reach its destination?
6. What is the distance it covered?

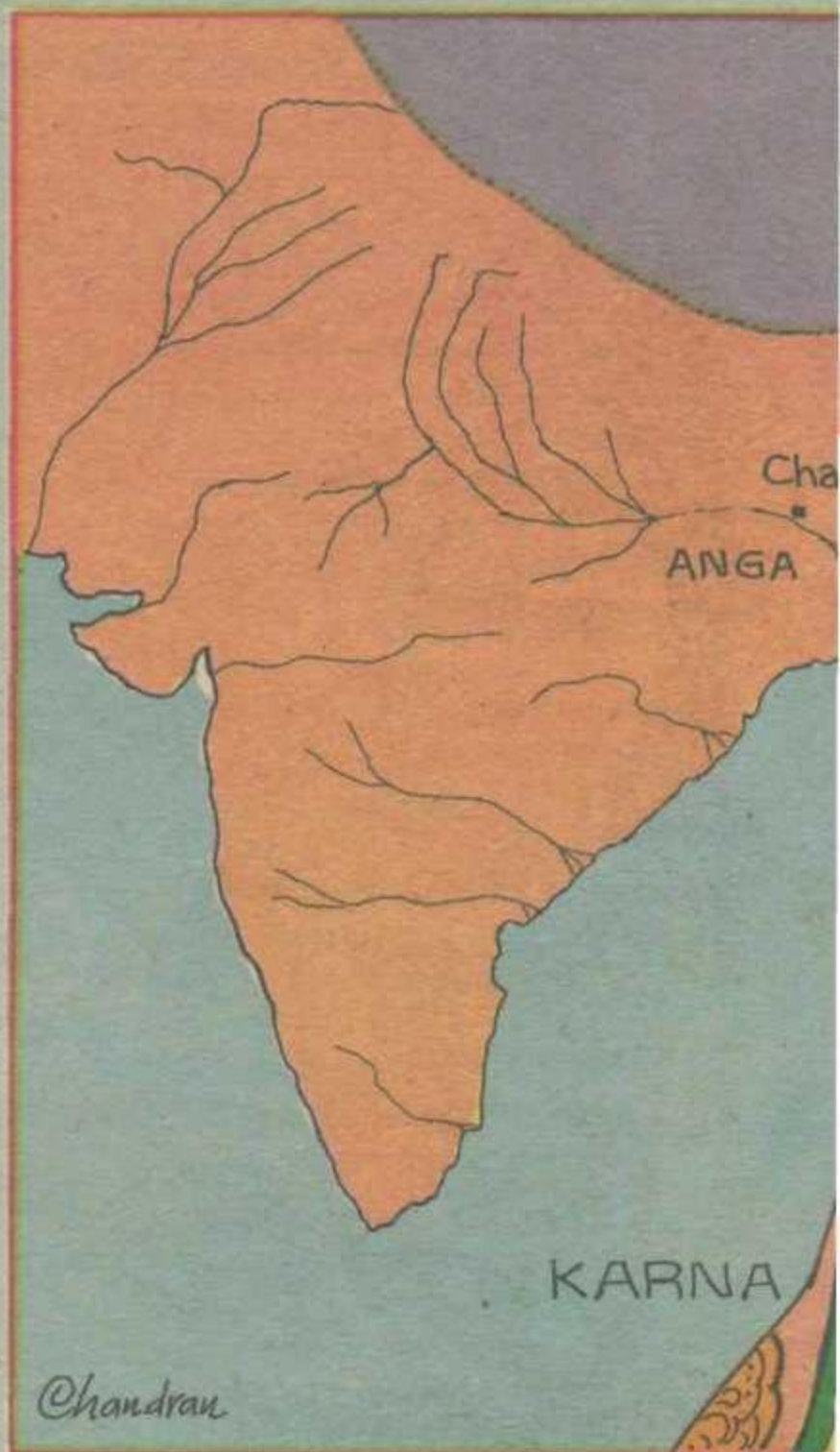
INDIA: THEN AND NOW

Anga immediately brings to our mind the great hero Karna of the Mahabharata. Duryodhana had made him the king of Anga, though he hardly had any chance to rule his kingdom. He lived at Hastinapura and died in the war at Kurukshetra.

It is the eastern part of the modern Bihar which was known as Anga in ancient times. It was a prosperous kingdom which later became a part of the Magadha empire. Its capital, Champa, was a charming city. Champa was situated at the confluence of the rivers Ganga and Champa, to the west of the Rajmahal hills. The city was so famous that when in the A.D. 2nd century the Hindus migrating from India founded a kingdom named Annam in what is known as Vietnam today, Champa is the name they gave to the capital of the new kingdom.

While Anga is a part of Bihar, no remains of the ancient Champa have survived the passage of time. However, the memory of the city remains alive in the names of two villages near

ANGA AND ITS C



Bhagalpur, Champanagar and Champapura.

Tourists visit Bhagalpur to have a look at the wonderful Barari Caves and the rock-cut



PITAL CHAMPA



temple at Colgang. Bhagalpur has many other attractions. But very few remember the vanished city of Champa that lay sprawled in its neighbourhood once upon a time.

NEWS FLASH

Giving The Devil His Due!

As we know, paintings by great artists fetch fantastic prices. That inspires some people to fake masterpieces. Sometimes the imitations are so close to the original that even experts are deceived.

The British Museum, London, is giving art-forgers and fakers down the centuries their due by creating a permanent gallery for their "famous" imitations. After all these forgers too are artists!



LET US EXPLORE THE WORLD OF LITERATURE

1. Who is the great English poet in whose book can be found versions of ancient Indian tales?
2. What is the title of his most famous book?
3. Who is the great Scottish novelist who is quite popular with Indian readers?
4. What is the title of his most popular novel?
5. Which is the oldest living language in the world?

ANSWERS

WHO IS HE?

Thayumanavar.

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Probably in 4,600,000,000 B.C.
2. In 2,000,000,000 B.C.
3. From the smallest sub-atomic, particles to the largest system of stars.
4. The "Viking" in 1976.
5. Over a year.
6. 200 million kms.

LITERATURE

1. Geoffrey Chaucer (1340-1400).
2. The Canterbury Tales.
3. Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832).
4. Ivanhoe.
5. Sanskrit.

STORY OF RAMAKRISHNA (4)

One day Gadadhar saw a strange lady emerging from a boat and climbing to the bank. A trident in her hand, she radiated a brightness which could not but be the result of one's spiritual practice. Indeed, she was a Bhairavi—a lady adept in Tantra.



Gadadhar began to look upon her as his mother. The Bhairavi realised that Gadadhar's was a great soul. She taught him the principles of Tantra. It was she who proclaimed him an Avatar, an incarnation of the Divine.



One day when the Bhairavi was offering food to her deity, closing her eyes, Gadadhar came and began eating the food. When the Bhairavi saw it, instead of getting annoyed, she was delighted, for she had already had the vision of her deity eating the offerings through Gadadhar.





Before an assembly of scholars convened by Mathur Baba, the Bhairavi who was a great scholar herself, proved that Gadadhar had in his person all the symptoms which an Avatar should have—according to scriptures. Nobody could dispute her.

One day a wandering sage, who was a devotee of Rama and who carried with him a tiny idol of the child Rama, came to Dakshineswar. He used to talk to the idol as if the idol was a living child. Gadadhar observed him with great interest.



When Gadadhar was back in his room, he saw a charming young boy, invisible to others, following him. He was none other than the spirit of the little idol, an emanation of Lord Rama. The sage used to call him Ramlala. Gadadhar was amused.

Ramlala became so fond of Gadadhar that he would not leave him. Gadadhar was obliged to feed him and play with him. When the wandering sage came to look for Ramlala, he gave him the slip! The sage took Ramlala to task, but to no avail.



Gadadhar went to the river for bathing. Ramlala followed him and plunged into the water. He would not come out even when Gadadhar would ask him to do so again and again. If Gadadhar punished him, he wept and Gadadhar repented.

One day the sage told Gadadhar, "Ramlala would not like to leave you. In any case, I have been granted the bliss I sought from the Lord. I don't mind leaving him here with you." He handed over the tiny idol to Gadadhar and departed.





One day a great Yogi of the time, the famous Totapuri, reached the river-bank and saw Gadadhar seated on the ghat. He at once knew that there was nobody more eligible than Gadadhar for receiving the lessons in Vedantic knowledge which he could impart.

"Would you like to practise the Yoga of Vedanta?" Totapuri asked Gadadhar. "I will do as my Mother advises," replied Gadadhar and he ran into the shrine and sought directions from Mother Kali. Then he returned to Totapuri and said, "I am ready."



A holy fire was lighted, one day early in the morning. Totapuri sat chanting the hymns and Gadadhar repeated them. At the end of the preliminary rites he was initiated to asceticism. Totapuri gave Gadadhar a new name—Ramakrishna.

—To continue



New Tales of King Vikram and the Vampire

THE KING AND THE SCULPTOR

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Gusts of wind shook the trees. At the intervals of thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke, "O King, I do not know what exactly do you expect to achieve from your labours. There are people who strive hard to reach a certain goal, but when at last they reach there, they lose interest in it. Are you sure that you would not be like them? Let me explain my point with an example. Pay attention to it. That might bring you some

relief."

The vampire went on: Ramdev was a highly gifted sculptor. But there was nobody in his village, Nilampur, to appreciate his art. He was poor. His family suffered a lot because he hardly earned any money. He went to the capital to seek the king's patronage. But he could not meet the king. The officers would summarily dismiss him, saying, "The king has no time for everyone who would like to meet him!" or "Whose recommendation have you brought?" or "We have any number of sculptors; we don't need another one!"

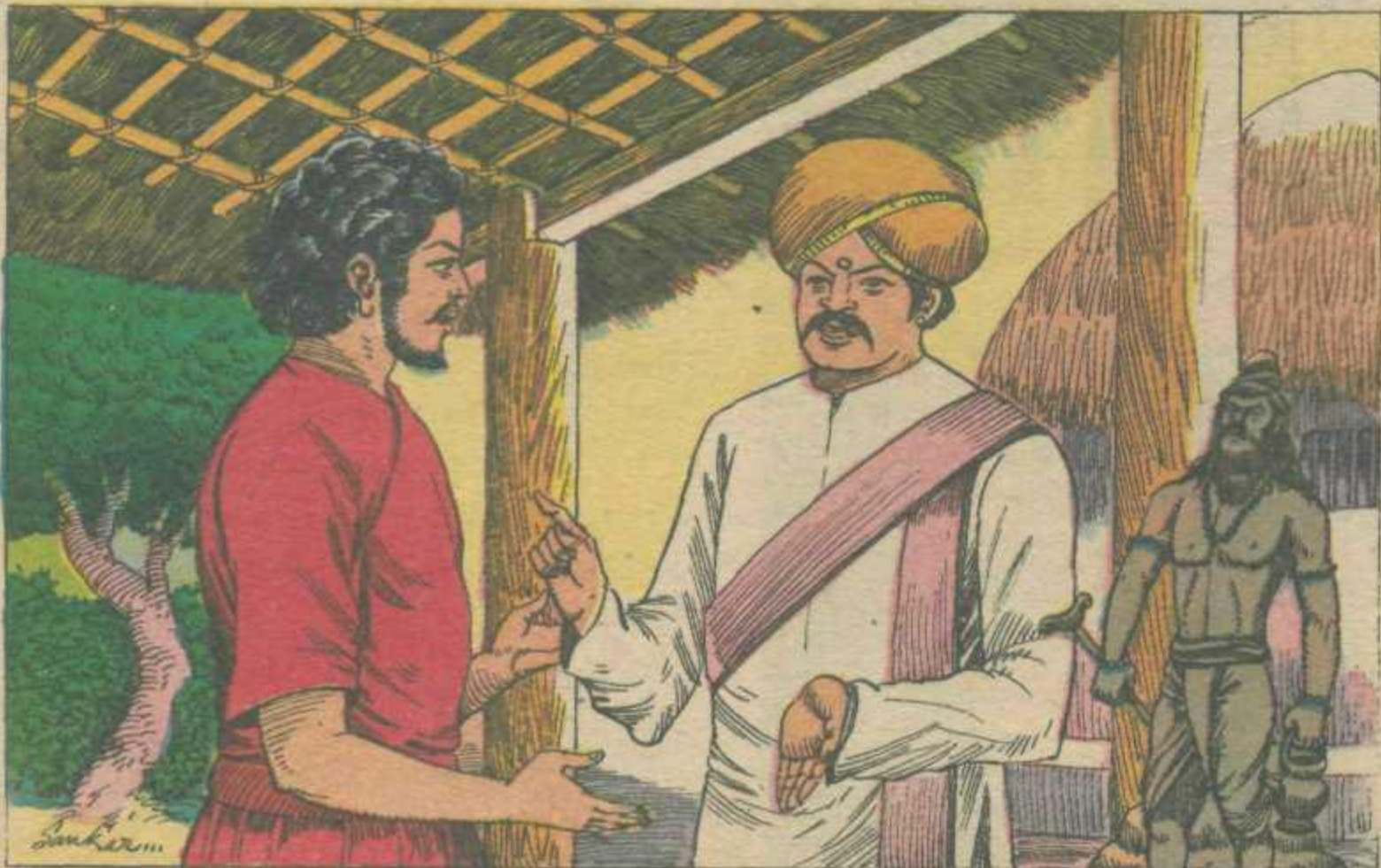
Ramdev felt frustrated. He

could not linger in the town indefinitely! He decided to return to his village.

While walking back, he sought shelter for a night in a wealthy merchant's house. The merchant happened to see the two objects of art he had with him. "Where did you buy them?" the merchant asked Ramdev. "I made them!" answered Ramdev. The merchant was surprised and pleased. "How many like this can you make in a month?" he asked him.

"Say, depending on the size, one to ten!" replied Ramdev.

"Good. I will pay you fifty gold coins a month. You can work staying at your home. My men



would collect the sculptures from time to time. Are you willing to take up this assignment?" asked the merchant.

"Most willingly, sir," replied Ramdev.

The merchant sold the stone images made by Ramdev at great profit. One day the landlord of the area saw some of the images in a market. He grew inquisitive about their maker and found out his address. "I will pay you a hundred gold mohurs a month. Will you work for me?" he asked Ramdev.

"Gladly, sir," replied Ramdev. Thereafter he supplied whatever he crafted on stone to the land-

lord who exported them to distant places and made much profit. Days passed smoothly for Ramdev. He had no financial problems and he devoted all his time to his art. But he was not happy.

One day the governor of the region called him and said, "I am charmed by your craftsmanship. Will you work for me at a payment of five hundred gold mohurs a month?"

"Why not, sir?" said Ramdev. Thereafter began a new phase of his career. But soon the king got a proof of his talent when the governor sent as his gift a sculpture made by Ramdev. A royal





emissary met Ramdev with the king's invitation to him. In fact he had brought a horse-drawn carriage with him.

Ramdev was about to leave for the capital when a young man named Jaidev met him. With great humility the young man said, "Sir, I have been an admirer of yours since my childhood. Inspired by your art, I have practised stone-carving. Here is a sample of my work."

The young man brought out a piece of sculptured stone and showed it to the master sculptor. Ramdev was very happy to see it.

"Master, kindly accept me as your disciple and teach the art to

me," said Jaidev.

"My boy, I am setting out for the capital. Wait till I return," said Ramdev.

The king received Ramdev showering on him great honours and said, "I am proud that a talented craftsman like you resides in my kingdom. I would like to appoint you as my court-sculptor."

"My lord, I am beholden to you. But kindly allow me to pass the last phase of my life in my village," said Ramdev.

The king smiled and said, "I must respect your sentiments." After that the king bestowed titles and rewards on Ramdev.

Ramdev returned to his village and, with the reward he had received from the king, opened a school of art. Jaidev became his first student.

The vampire paused for a moment and then, in a challenging tone, demanded of King Vikram, "There was a time when Ramdev sought the king's patronage and suffered humiliation on that account. How is it that he shunned the opportunity when at last it was offered to him? Is it because he had grown proud? How could he forget that the pride of place the king offered



to him would enhance his fame? Answer me, O king, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck."

Forthwith replied King Vikram, "An artist has three needs. He must maintain himself by earning a livelihood. Secondly he needs recognition. But what is most important, he must have the satisfaction of keeping his art alive. One day Ramdev needed the first thing most. That is why he wanted to meet the king. Now he had achieved both the first and

the second things. He had enough money and he was famous too. It mattered little whether he accepted the king's offer or not. The fact that the position was offered to him added to his fame. But he was not happy because now it was his duty to see that his art remained alive. That is why he founded the school. It would be his great satisfaction to leave a few worthy students like Jaidev behind him."

No sooner had King Vikram finished giving the answers than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

It often happens that worthless people are merely people who are worth knowing.

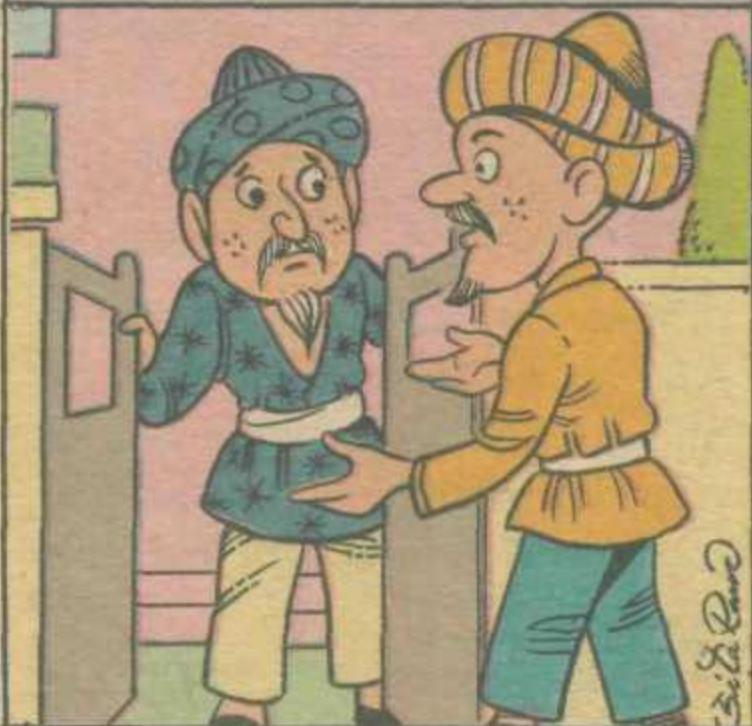
—Benjamin Disraeli

THE MIRACULOUS PLANT



When Uncle Habul arrived in the town, he was almost dying with hunger. He saw a mansion and asked a passer-by about its owner. "He is the greatest miser in the town," came the reply.

Uncle Habul opened the gate. He saw the miser and greeted him and said, "May I take a little rest here? Then I can have another look at the miraculous plant and eave the town!"



The surprised miser thought that the people of the remote villages know many secrets which townsfolk do not know. He decided to extract the secret of the plant from Uncle Habul.



"What do you mean by miraculous plant?" asked the miser. "Well, I saw the plant, by eating the tiny fruit of which one can escape death!" replied Habul. "I saw it very near this town," he added.



"Take rest by all means, but before that, have some food," said the miser. He entertained Uncle Habul with rice and delicious items and sat near him fanning him.

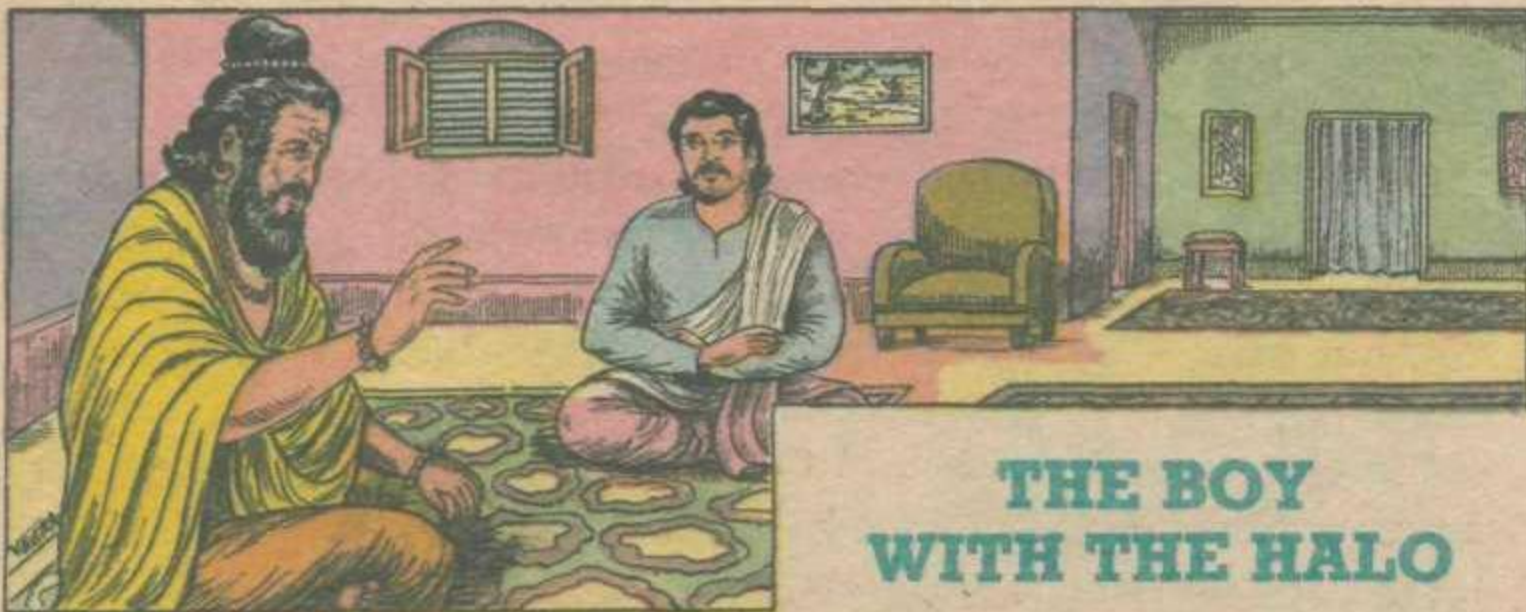


After Uncle Habul had slept for a while, the miser requested him to show the miraculous plant. He even gave him an umbrella as a gift! The two set out.

Outside the city they came near the paddy fields. Uncle Habul leaned and showed the rice plants! "But this is only the common rice plants!" cried out the miser.



"Right. But I was dying of hunger. The rice you gave me to eat saved me! The same would happen to anybody," Uncle Habul assured the miser and walked away.



THE BOY WITH THE HALO

Dhanapati Gupta was the richest man in the village Nilampur, but he was childless. He thought of adopting a child. He called his sister's son to live with him for a month, but he was not happy with the boy who appeared to be idle and foolish. Next his attention went over to his cousin's son. But the day the boy knew that Gupta was planning to adopt him, he grew so proud that he ill-treated not only the servants but also his friends. Gupta gave up the idea of adopting him.

Thereafter he toyed with the idea of adopting so many other boys, children of his other relatives. But he found out that the relatives were greedy of his wealth and that is why they talked to him sweetly. They had no real goodwill for him.

Some forty years ago Gupta

had a classmate who had become an ascetic and gone away to the Himalayas. Years later he had emerged as a sage. He was famous as Divyananda. One day the two met and, at Gupta's request, the sage came to stay with him for a day. Gupta told him what his anguish was and asked him, "What would happen to all my property after I am dead?"

The sage laughed and asked in return, "What happened to your father's property after his death?"

"Well, I enjoyed it!" replied Gupta.

The sage smiled and said, "So, someone would enjoy your property when you are no more!"

"But I was my father's son!" observed Gupta.

"Why don't you consider those who would enjoy your property

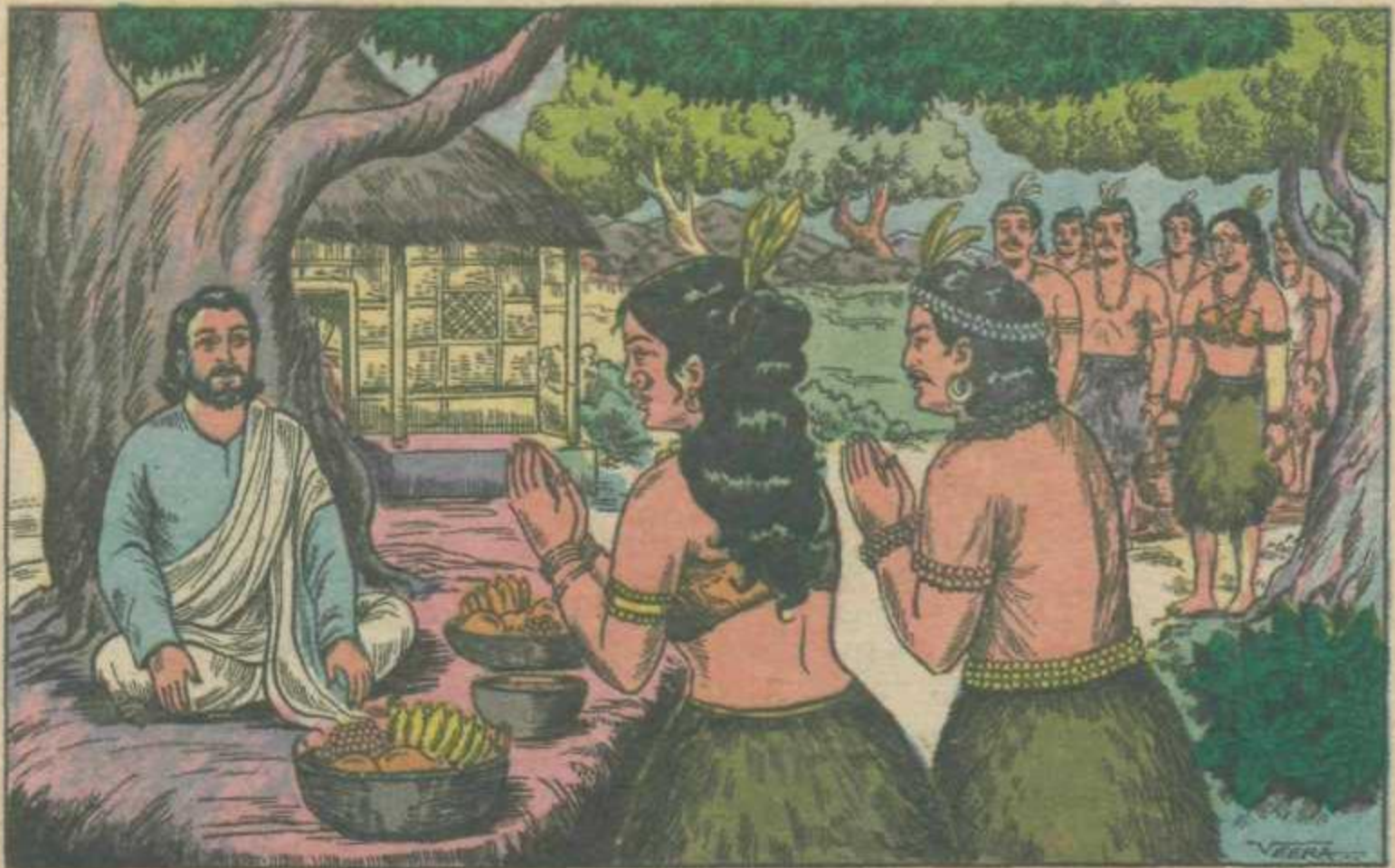
as your sons? Look here, once you are dead, you really don't know who would enjoy your property and in what way he would enjoy it. You may have a son, but what if he wastes your property? The best way for you would be to dedicate your property to the village, to will it to be used for the welfare of the people," said the sage.

But Gupta was not satisfied with the suggestion. "I want someone to inherit my property. Once I hand over the property to him, I wish to retire to a lonely place and spend my days in peace," he said.

The sage sat in silence for a

moment. Then he said. "Do as I say. You leave your property in the custody of the village elders and retire to the lonely place of your choice and live in peace. One day you will find a boy with a halo around his head. You can choose him as your heir and send him to take charge of your property."

Gupta developed faith in the sage's prophecy. He left his property in the custody of the village committee and retired to a lonely place close to a forest. He made a hut there and lived in peace. The local tribal people grew very fond of him. They were at his beck and call. He was not



required to do anything for himself. They did everything for him because they looked upon him as a holy man.

Days passed and then years passed. Gupta, waiting for the boy with the halo, grew impatient. One day he fell ill. His illness grew severe. He knew that his days were numbered. But where was the boy with the halo? Is he not coming to him because the tribals crowded around him?

He called the tribal chief and said, "Please see to it that I am not disturbed. I want to be left alone."

"As you please, sir! But you are unwell. You need someone's assistance. Let my little son, Vipul, be with you. He would serve you faithfully, but would not cause any disturbance," said the tribal chief.

Gupta agreed to the sugges-

tion. Vipul remained with him. Days passed. Gupta was growing more and more impatient. One day, lying in his bed, he shrieked out, "All that the sage said was nonsense! Where is the boy?"

"I am here sir! Can I do anything?" Vipul said as he came running to Gupta's bedside.

Gupta looked at him and was surprised and delighted. There was a halo around the boy's head!

He smiled with deep peace. He wrote a letter to the village committee asking them to hand over his property to Vipul. Then he breathed his last.

Vipul inherited Gupta's property, but he used every bit of it for the welfare of the villagers. Then he took leave of them and returned to his tribal hamlet in the forest.





THE STRANGE NEW BOSS



In days gone by the King of Karnataka had a priest in the temple of the Mother Goddess inside his palace compound whose name was Gundappa. Early in the morning, when the king took a stroll on the lawns, the sweet voice of the priest chanting the hymns met his ears. Once or twice he had asked the priest to explain some couplets from the scriptures. The priest's explanations had satisfied him. Of course, he had several learned scholars in his court and that is why he had no reason to give Gundappa any position in the court. Nevertheless, the king was respectful of Gundappa.

One morning, while the king was retiring to his apartment after his morning walk, Gundappa approached him. The king smiled at him and asked, "Do you have anything to say?"

"Yes, my lord, I have been working as a priest in this shrine for forty years. Can't I have a change of work?"

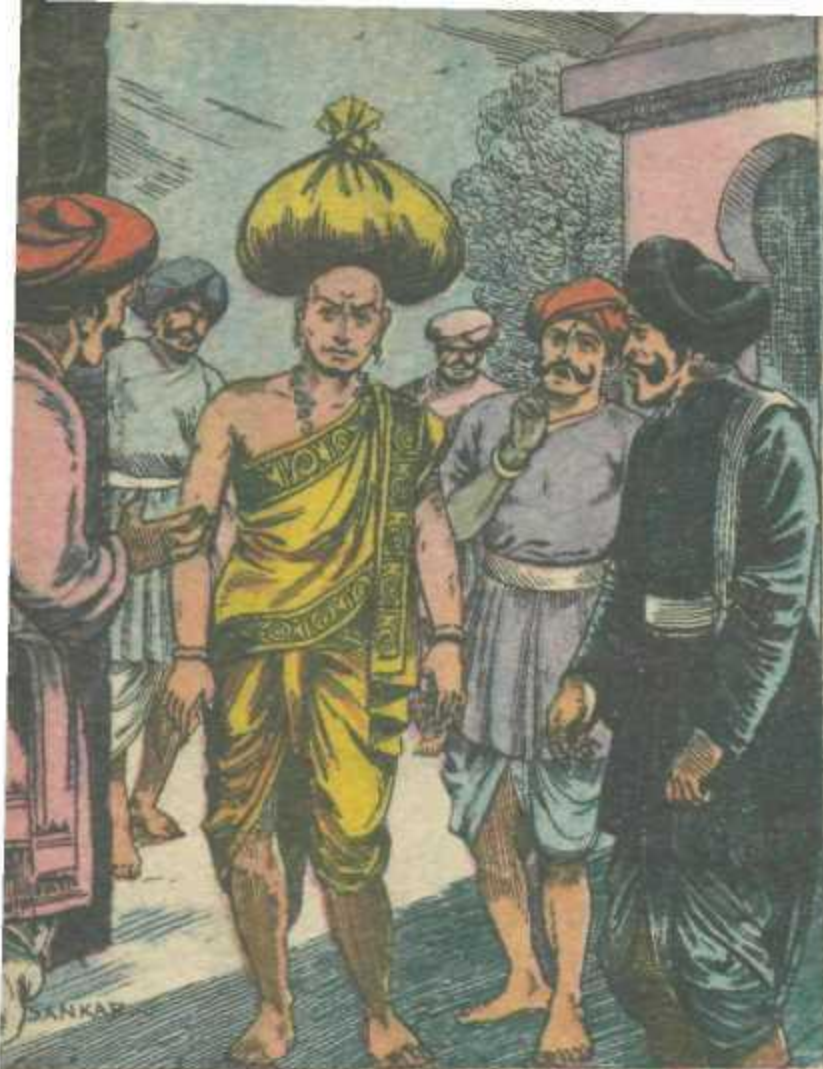
The king was a bit surprised. Because a priest rarely sought a change of work; he looked upon his duty as sacred. Gundappa, however, was ambitious and he wanted to join the court as a scholar-courtier.

"Tell me what would please you!" asked the king.

Gundappa's face grew rosy with hope. The king's offer means that he could choose even some greater position than that of a scholar-courtier!

"My lord, I have a great desire to be an Administrator!" he said.

"Fine. The Administrator of Shilvastu has just retired. You can proceed there. Come to the court and we will give you the letter of appointment," said the king.



Now, great was the joy of Gundappa. The kingdom was divided into some divisions. Each division was under an Administrator who was a very senior officer, next in rank to the king's ministers. It had been beyond the priest's dream that he would become an Administrator overnight!

The king's thoughts were different. It was a secret with him that if anybody asked him for anything early in the morning, he never refused it. He never made it public lest people should take advantage of it, but he observed the rule as faithfully as possible.

Secondly, he thought of giving

a trial to a scholarly man as an Administrator. Who knows if such a man would not excel the ordinary officers!

The priest met the king the next day and obtained the letter of appointment. The king told him, "O wise man, I am sure you do not need any advice from me. You are mature enough to manage the affairs. You must have known the popular saying about the qualities of a sound Administrator:

Use your legs and
Use your head,
keep your face darker!
Twist others' ears and
hold them by the hair,
If you're a Master!

I believe in this saying. All right. I wish you well."

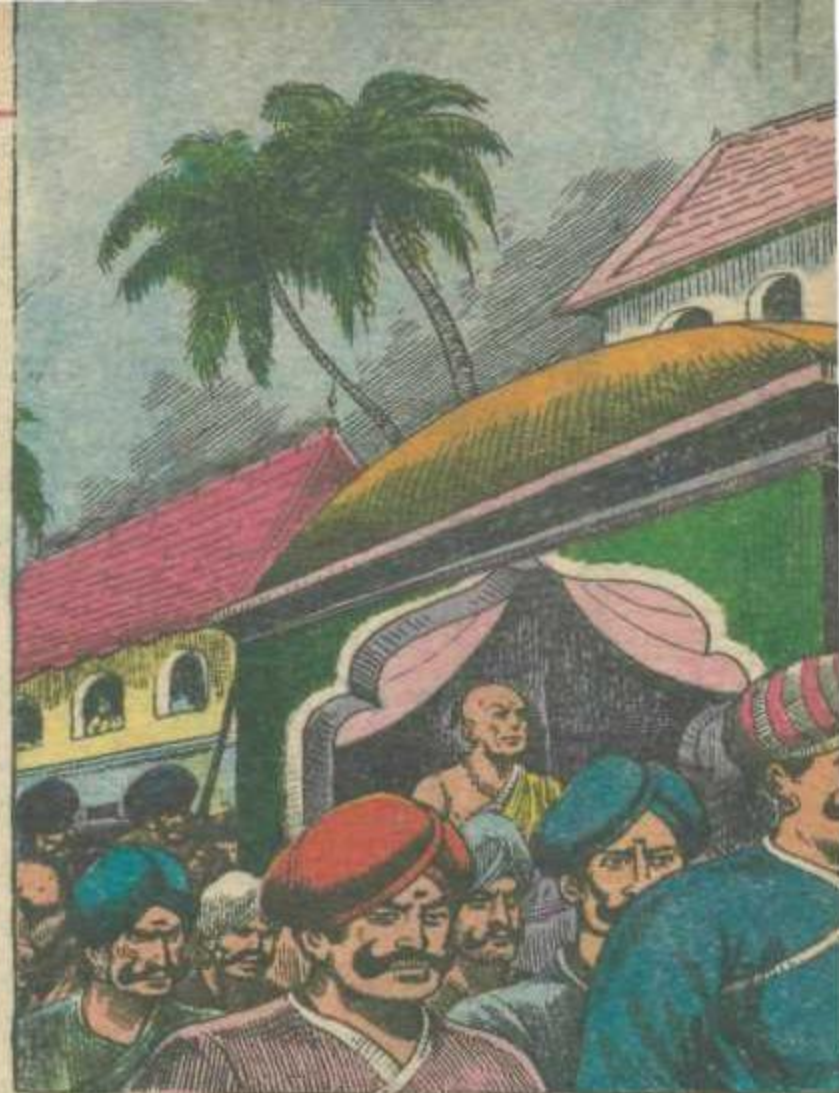
The priest took leave of the king. Generally a newly appointed Administrator went to his headquarters in an impressive carriage drawn by horses, with some soldiers riding before and behind the carriage. The priest could have informed the officer in charge of protocol when he wished to proceed to Shilvastu and the necessary arrangements would have been made. But the priest decided to use his legs and his head—as suggested in the

popular song. He must prove himself an ideal Master!

He walked with a bundle on his head—thus using his legs as well as his head—towards Shilvastu. The members of the staff of the office of the Administrator were expecting their new boss any moment. When the priest reached the small town after a full day's walk, they asked him, "Are you coming from the capital? Do you know when the new Administrator is to arrive?"

Gundappa set his bundle down and showed them the letter of appointment. They stood speechless for a while. Then they grew agog with excitement and secured a palanquin and made the priest ride it ceremoniously to his quarters. It was evening. He was served a grand meal. All the members of his staff joined him in the banquet, as was the custom. Gundappa was delighted.

And then he remembered the next quality of a good Administrator—to keep the face darker. "Wait, wait, gentlemen!" he announced and retired into his bedroom. He smeared butter on a glass and held it over the lamp. Soon the butter became a dark paste. He smeared his face with it and came out to the banquet hall.



All were surprised at the sudden change in his appearance. They could not make out any reason for it. "Let us go to the audience hall!" ordered the Administrator. In the hall he occupied his chair and asked the senior-most officer to come closer to him. When the officer came, he asked him to bring his head nearer. The officer thought that the boss intended to whisper some message into his ear. But what the boss did, stunned all. He twisted the elderly officer's ears!

"You may go. Next!" he signed another officer to come near him. The officer could not disobey his instruction. His ears

too were boxed!

And Gundappa did this to all the officers, one after another.

Now only one thing remained to be done. He must hold their hair. How to go about it? An easy process would be to clip locks of their hair and hold them! He must wait for an opportunity.

The officers could not leave the hall because their boss did not quit! But as night deepened, they fell asleep. Gundappa began clipping locks of their hair and held them in his grip!

Now, whenever a new Administrator took charge of a region, one of the spies from the king's court followed him. The spy who had followed Gundappa was amazed at what the new Administrator was doing. He galloped back to the capital and reported the matter to the king. The king was embarrassed. He imme-

diately recalled Gundappa.

Gundappa thought that the king had already been impressed by his performance, because he observed all the rules. But when he stood before the king, the king said, "My dear priest, what the popular saying meant by the use of legs and head is, an Administrator should be physically as well as mentally capable. To keep the face darker means not to let anybody know you too intimately; twisting others' ears means to keep your subordinates under strict discipline; to hold their hair means to make them obey your orders. But you followed the principles literally. I appreciate your innocence, but you better continue with the deity—for the Mother Goddess alone can bear with you without a murmur—as she has done for the last forty years!"



THE DIFFERENCE

Kittu and Suman had been classmates in the primary school and were good friends. They lived in two different but neighbouring villages. Kittu opened a shop; Suman took to farming. They met from time to time and discussed their problems and sought each other's advice.

One day Suman came to Kittu's shop and said, "I proposed to sell away a small orchard last year. Three or four customers saw it and all of them were willing to pay no less than ten thousand rupees for it. But I changed my mind and did not sell it. This year I proposed to sell it again, but a customer who saw it yesterday is not willing to pay more than five thousand rupees!"

"When did the customers see the orchard last year?" asked Kittu.

Suman recollected and said, "In April!"

"That explains," said Kittu. "Now it is autumn. The orchard must be looking dull, isn't it so? Wait till the next April. You will get the right price for it. Look at these containers. They contain the same quality of ghee. But every customer points at the container which looks most elegant and demands ghee from it."





A MATTER OF APPROACH

Seth Dildar was a money-lender. Hundreds of people borrowed money from him and paid him interest on the amounts. Seth made a good profit.

The Seth had a faithful and able clerk named Harish. He had worked with the Seth for twenty-five years. But one day his maternal uncle died, leaving his landed property to him. It could not have been possible for Harish to manage his job and the inherited property at the same time. He requested the Seth to relieve him. The Seth complied with his request, but quite reluctantly. Harish promised to find out an able young man who would take his position at the Seth's office.

Harish kept his word. A fortnight later, two young men met the Seth. They had been set by Harish as candidates for the post

vacated by Harish.

The two young men were named Nitish and Raman. The Seth asked Raman to meet him two days later. After Raman went away, he handed over a note-book to Nitish and said, "This contains the names of the people who have paid back their loans last month. Study the amounts they had borrowed, the length of time they had kept them and the interests they have paid. Please point out to me if there is any mistake in my calculation of the interests."

Nitish went away and came back the next day and said, "Sir, I have gone through the accounts thoroughly. Of the eighty people who have paid back their loans, I am afraid, ten have paid more than what they should have paid!"





"I see. Thank you. You may go. I will inform Harish about my decision," said the Seth.

Raman met the Seth the next day. The Seth gave him the same notebook and the same task. Raman came back to him after a day and said, "Sir, I have gone through the accounts. Of the eighty people who paid their loans, I am afraid seventy have paid less than what they should have paid!"

"I see," said the Seth. "That is good. You may join my office tomorrow."

Afterwards Harish asked the Seth, "Both Nitish and Raman were equally efficient. What made you choose Raman?"

The Seth recited their findings on his notebook and said, "Both were correct. But Raman's approach suits my profession better!" He laughed.

THE THOUGHTLESS

Teacher How thoughtless was it of you to push Vimal so rudely through your door into the street—that too when it was raining!

Vasant : Yes sir. It was quite thoughtless of me to do like that. Much later I realised what would have happened to any passer-by on whom Vimal would have fallen!





THE WISE PRINCE

King Viswajit of Dhanyadesh had two sons, Vijay and Aditya. Although Vijay was born to the senior queen, he was younger than Aditya, born to the junior queen.

Vijay and Aditya grew up under proper care. Both were intelligent and energetic. The king and the queens were proud of them. When the princes reached the right age, they were sent to a Gurukul for their education. They proved their merit in various branches of knowledge, including the military arts. In due course they completed their studies and returned to their parents.

King Viswajit was happy that his two sons were ready to assist him in his royal duties. Days passed smoothly until the king fell sick. But that was not a

matter of serious concern. Who does not fall sick, after all? What was a matter of grave concern was the conduct of a neighbouring king. He was King Dhurandhar of Shobhakhand. He was preparing to invade Dhanyadesh.

King Viswajit sat in conference with his two sons. Said the princes, "Father, do not worry. We will inflict a humiliating defeat on the proud Dhurandhar."

The king smiled and said, "I appreciate your courage, but Dhurandhar is a crafty fighter. It is not easy to defeat him!"

Just then a guard came in and said, "My lord, Rahul Pandit wishes to see you."

Rahul Pandit was a great Tantrik and a true friend and well-wisher of the king. "Usher

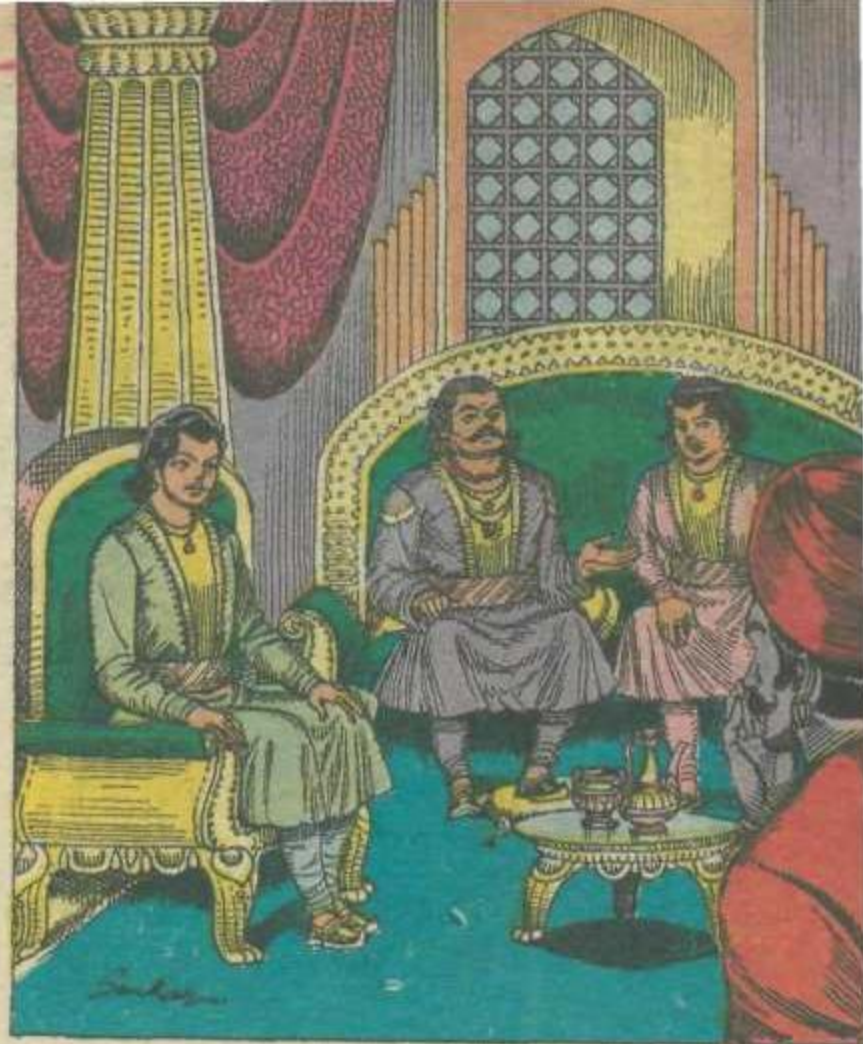
him in," said the king.

As soon as Rahul Pandit entered the chamber, the two princes stood up respectfully. But Rahul Pandit signed them to wait.

"My lord," said Rahul Pandit gravely, "I am aware of the danger to our kingdom. Dhurandhar commands an army larger than our army. So, instead of facing his army, we should challenge Dhurandhar himself to come forward to fight any one of you. He has to accept the challenge for the sake of his prestige. If he is defeated, then Dhanyadesh and we all are safe."

"True. But who can face him? He fights like a monster. I could have faced him in my younger days. Now I am aged and sick. None of my two sons is mature enough to engage in a single combat with him," observed the king.

Rahul Pandit smiled and said, "I can be helpful in this respect. I can teach any one of you to pass on his strength, valour and swiftness to the other. In other words, Vijay can have the strength of Aditya—added to his own strength. So he would become doubly capable. The same can happen to Aditya, if

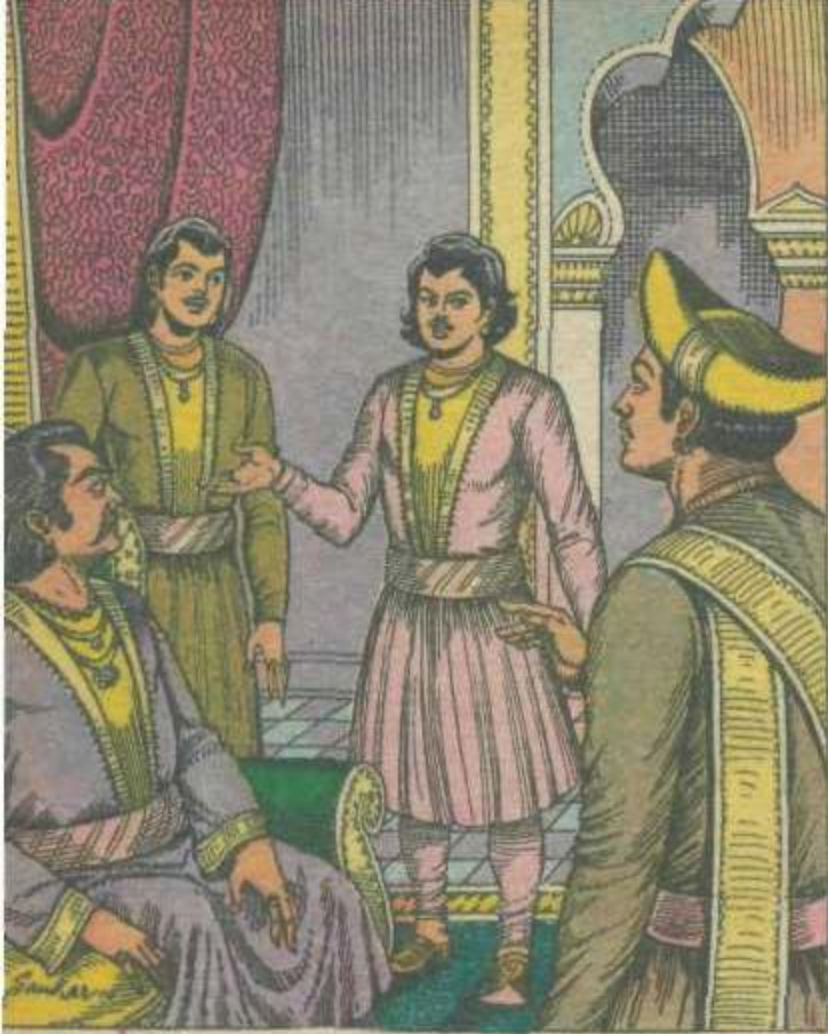


Vijay's strength is added to his."

The king was very happy to hear this. But Aditya said, "I don't take this to be a proper solution to the problem. This is a kind of trick, a deception."

"How can you call this a trick or a deception, Aditya? Dhurandhar has no business to attack our kingdom. If he is going to take that unjust step, what is wrong with our doing whatever necessary to protect ourselves?" said Vijay.

"This is no time for a debate on the issue. If one of you is willing to transfer your strength to your father, he can fight the enemy!" proposed Rahul Pandit.



"No, sir, I would not like our father to go to the battlefield at this age. I am prepared to transfer my strength to Vijay," said Aditya. "But before that I would like to talk to Panditji confidentially."

Aditya had a confidential talk with Rahul Pandit. Then he recited the hymn taught to him by Rahul Pandit and transferred his strength to Vijay.

In due course Dhurandhar the invader was challenged to face Vijay in a single combat. He had to accept the challenge. In the combat Dhurandhar was defeated. His army retreated.

There was happiness all over the kingdom of Dhanyadesh. But

when the king looked for Rahul Pandit in order to restore Aditya's strength to him, Rahul Pandit was not to be found. Now there was a fresh problem confronting the king. He must choose one of the two princes to succeed him to the throne. But whom to choose? According to the tradition of the dynasty, the senior queen's son was to be the king. But the senior queen's son, Vijay, was younger than the junior queen's son, Aditya. What should be done?

The king consulted his ministers and concluded that it would be good to pass on the crown to Aditya. As soon as his decision became known, Vijay met him and said, "My lord, it is true that Aditya is older than I. But am I not the senior queen's son? I must become the king."

"My son, my decision is final. You better accept it gently," advised the king.

"Never."

"What then do you propose to do?" asked the king.

"I will fight. As you know, Aditya cannot be any match for me. I possess his strength!" claimed Vijay.

The king tried to persuade Vijay to accept Aditya as the king,



but Vijay insisted on a single combat with him. "Let the victor ascend the throne," he said again and again. Needless to say, he was absolutely sure of his victory.

At last the king consented to the combat. It took place before an assembly of nobles. Surprisingly, in the first round itself a strong blow from Aditya threw Vijay's sword off his hand.

Vijay conceded defeat. Aditya was declared the crown-prince.

One day, the senior queen said to King Viswajit, "My lord, I have no grievance over Aditya becoming heir to the throne. I know that he is more dutiful, wise and kind than Vijay. But I don't understand how he could defeat Vijay so easily, more so when his own strength had passed on to Vijay!"

The king smiled and said in reply, "Vijay believed that he still

possessed Aditya's strength. But that was not the fact. Aditya had a confidential meeting with Rahul Pandit before transferring his strength to Vijay. Aditya was wise. He learnt from the Pandit the hymn by which he would get back his strength after the combat with Dhurandhar had been over. He quietly did that after Dhurandhar's defeat. Vijay, thrilled with his success, did not notice when Aditya's strength left him. Rahul Pandit feared that once Vijay won, he may not wish to part with his extra strength. The Pandit also feared that Vijay might kill him if he would not make Aditya's strength permanent in him. That is why he escaped!"

The queen understood the situation.



WANTED



TEDDY

Teddy and his cronies Wobbit, Bow Wow, Papa Hare and Jumbo are on the loose in this city. They've already broken into several homes. Don't be misled by their soft and cuddly looks. They're trained to take on the toughest torture test ever — childhandling. It's also rumoured that they cast a magical spell over kids that can't be reversed. So... watch out. You may be the charmers' next target.



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TOWARDS BETTER ENGLISH

"JIGGERY-POKERY IN THE BANANA REPUBLIC!"

K. Santhi Priya, Kurnool, is intrigued by an editorial in a premier newspaper which referred to an incident that can take place only in a *banana republic*. What is a *banana republic*?

The phrase originally meant any one of the small tropical republics earning money from abroad by exporting banana or any other fruit. But now it is used in a derogatory sense to describe a country which is poor, inefficient and politically unstable.

While the banana is an excellent nutritious fruit, *bananas* in slang is used to describe a crazy person. If someone goes *bananas*, he behaves in a silly way.

A. Antony of Quilon wants to know the meaning of *jaggery-pokery*. It means mischief or plot done in secrecy. "I am afraid, there is much jaggery-pokery going on in the banana republic of..."

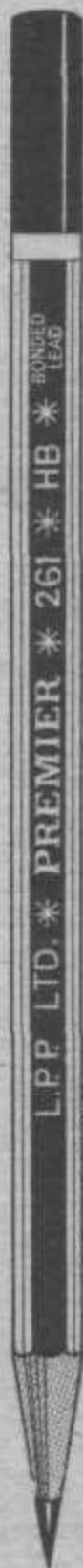
"Fleet Street took no notice of the event!" What does this mean? asks Kunal Bhattacharya from Dehradun.

Fleet Street is synonymous with newspapers. The first newspaper was published from a building on the street in the last decade of the 18th century. Subsequently, several newspapers established the offices there. Fleet Street taking no notice of an event means the event finding no place in the newspapers.



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Since when is the *Guinness Book of World Records* being published?
Is it published every year? Is it true that it is the largest selling book?

—Narendra K. Sengupta, Calcutta

The first edition of this book was published on the 27th of August 1955. Since then it is being published every year, except two breaks, in 1957 and 1959.

Among the current books, or the books over which the publishers or authors have their copyright, it is the largest selling title. (There is no copyright over the *Gita* or the *Ramayana* or the *Mahabharata* or the *Bible*, or the works of Shakespeare, so on and so forth.)

In the words of the President of the publishers' firm, "By 1974 the *Guinness Book* earned its own place in the *Guinness Book*. It had become the top-selling copyright book in publishing history. By October 1989 the global sale had risen to more than 61 million, which is equivalent to 171 stacks each as high as Mount Everest."

In which Indian language was the largest number of films produced in 1989?

—Vasumati, Coimbatore

In Hindi. The number of films produced was 176. Telugu came next with 152 and then Tamil with 146. Malayalam, Kannada, Bengali and Marathi followed with 96 and 75 and 50 and 30 respectively. The total number of films produced in India during 1989 was 781, the highest in the world.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



M.R.Pimpala pure



A.V. Rengiah

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

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PICKS FROM THE WISE

God befriends the man who climbs determination's height.

—**Panchatantra**

Arise, awake, stop not till the goal is reached.

—**Vivekananda**

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—**Tagore**

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